

## GLOBE-REPUBLIC.

DAILY AND WEEKLY.

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## WEEKLY GLOBE-REPUBLIC.

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KINNEY NICHOLS &amp; CO.,

Springfield, Ohio.

TUESDAY EVENING, FEB. 8.

SPRINGFIELD REPUBLICAN SENTIMENT ON THE METHODS OF NOMINATION.

This city, which is decidedly Republican, desires to oust the Democratic government which has been foisted on it. The method by which it may be done is a matter of public concern. It is a question whether the same method by which the minority party has been put in possession of the city shall be repeated. The Republican committee no doubt are anxious to be advised by the public sentiment of the party on this question. The GLOBE-REPUBLIC, therefore, as the organ of public sentiment, desiring to reflect it truthfully, has sought interviews with a number of representative Republicans of Springfield and obtained their opinions with regard to the question. These opinions are herewith presented for the consideration of the committee:

P. P. Mast: I am opposed to primary elections; am in favor of the plan suggested in the GLOBE-REPUBLIC some time since. Let the several wards hold meetings and select a number of good men for delegates; say three names for each delegate that the ward is entitled to, then draw from this number the required number of names. In this way I think the use of money can be prevented. Let us have a delegate convention.

Robert Johnson: Under the present circumstances I am opposed to the primary election, because it has become so corrupt. I think the people should, at public meetings held in the several wards, appoint a committee of three or five good men who should select from that ward the names of two persons for each delegate to which the ward is entitled, put the names on a ticket and then let the people vote for whom they please of this number. I think the time has come when we should try the delegate convention.

D. C. Putnam: The primary elections have become corrupt; am opposed to them and think we should try the delegate convention. Let the wards or precincts select their delegates in the usual way; think the usual method would be satisfactory.

Edward H. Ackerson: I am opposed to the primary, and am in favor of a delegate convention, and it should be a large one. I think the delegates could be selected by lot. In a ward entitled to 30 delegates, put about 150 names of representative Republicans in a box, and let the requisite number be drawn.

Wm. Miles: Am in favor of primary or delegate convention, whichever can be conducted without the corrupt use of money; would prefer the primary plan, but have no objection to convention; anything that is fair and honest.

Dr. Isaac Kay: The working of the primary elections, especially of late years, has been decidedly bad. When one of the political parties is greatly in the majority, its nominations are equivalent to an election, and then it is that large amounts of money are spent in a corrupt way to secure a nomination at the primaries, and the most unscrupulous aspirants for office are the ones most likely to succeed. I like the plan of having each ward or election precinct hold an open caucus, at which delegates should be appointed to a city or county nominating convention. The corrupt use of money, in such a procedure, would be very difficult; to say the least, it would be reduced to the minimum. Let us by all means devise something better than our late methods.

John Foss: The primary plan on the face of it is the fairest way to nominate candidates; but the primaries are often bought up, and I think some other plan ought to be adopted; have no plan to suggest, as I have not thought much of it.

Wm. M. Black: I am opposed to the primary, especially as it commits the voter to support the nominee, and I won't vote at such elections any more. I think the delegate convention is preferable, with the delegates selected by lot, as was suggested some time ago in your paper.

Hon. T. J. Pringle: I am opposed to the primary; whatever may be said against the delegate convention will apply with double force to the primary. Let it be a large convention. Am opposed to the lottery plan of selecting delegates, because it raffish away the very thing we want, i. e., that the people may say through their delegates whom their candidates shall be. Let the several wards select their delegates in the usual way. A large convention with good delegates carries a great influence with it; the primaries are not well attended.

James Foley: I am opposed to primaries, and will not be a candidate for mayor, if they have a primary election; it takes too much money.

Judge J. C. Miller: I never was in favor of primary elections, and prefer a

delegate convention. I suggest that the delegates be selected in this way: Let three honest men in each ward be selected, and they take every Republican's name on the poll-books, place them in a box, and let the required number be drawn therefrom.

Thos. F. McGrew: Am opposed to the primary. Let there be three or five prominent citizens of each ward to act with the central committee and appoint the delegates to the mass convention.

Capt. Amaziah Winger: I am dissatisfied with the primary elections, the way they have been conducted; too much money is used. I want each candidate to stand on his own merits, and have made up my mind to go to no more primaries. Am in favor of a delegate convention, but have thought of no plan by which the delegates should be chosen. Have no special objection to the lottery plan, but am not decided on any policy or plan for the selection of delegates.

Chas. S. Kay: If they can't get any better thing than the lottery plan, they had better confess the weakness of this government and have it changed. (Mr. Kay discovered the presence of the lead-pencil fiend, at this juncture, and retreated.)

James Buford: We have already tried both plans and neither have given satisfaction; would favor either, just so that we could secure the best men.

E. L. Buchwalter: Am opposed to the primary and favor a delegate convention, because it will give us a stronger ticket. Delegates could be selected, either by ballot or caucus, in each ward. If by ballot, the delegates' names should go on the ticket alphabetically, and those receiving the highest number of votes be the delegates. If by caucus, the names should be announced by a committee and placed in a box and drawn out. Objections could be raised to any name before being placed in the box. No candidate should be present at the meeting.

E. G. Dial: I am not in favor of a primary, though I was one of the founders of primary elections in this county; because I have seen too much corruption in its operations. The delegates could be elected at the ward meetings, if the people will turn out and are fully impressed with the desire for good city government. The good sense of such an assembly would suggest a plan for the election of delegates. If the people will not turn out to the ward meetings they should not complain, whatever may be done.

Jacob B. Lyle: Am opposed to primaries and favor a delegate convention; have seen too much corruption in the primary elections, and we don't get the candidates we want. Delegates could be selected by lot, with perfect satisfaction.

John Driscoll: Have not thought much about it; don't favor the primary; too expensive; think we had better try the delegate convention. The plan to select the delegates by lot is probably the best one, although I have not thought much about it.

Rev. Wm. H. Warren: I am opposed to the primary, and think there certainly must be some better plan. The object is to get candidates whose names carry some weight and who will not have to be carried by the party. I am not a politician and have no plan to suggest, but I see no serious objection to the delegates being selected by lot. I think our jury-men are selected in that way; but would rather have some other plan.

J. R. Ambrose: I am so much opposed to the primary plan that I will not vote if it is adopted. The delegate convention is preferable. Delegates could be selected at the ward meetings; select say 100 names and let the required number be drawn out. Then the convention should meet the very next day, so that the candidates would have very little time to interview the delegates.

Wm. H. Dickson: I think the primary is the fairest way. Objections are made to both plans, and I think there has been corruption in the primaries but it should not be so. The conventions are also complained of in the same way. It everybody would act fairly, the primary is the best plan; but they don't do that, and I am about out of politics.

James Johnson, Sen.: We don't want a primary, because it is the most corrupt thing in existence. Let us have a large convention; hold it on Saturday, and then hold the election on the following Monday, so the politicians will have no time to corrupt the delegates.

E. W. Simpson: Am opposed to primary; think we should have a delegate convention; think the lot plan might be used, or ward primaries for the selection of delegates; have the delegates unplugged.

Amos Whitley: Am opposed to the primary, emphatically, or any other scheme that can be manipulated by designing politicians. A delegate convention is preferable, provided representative men, both of the party and of the city, can be secured as delegates. I don't favor the lottery plan of selecting the delegates; but it would do it all the names to be drawn from were the right kind of men. I think a hundred of our representative men should meet and determine upon a plan for the selection of delegates. They might appoint a committee of say twenty-five men, representing each ward, and that committee could select the delegates. This committee should be composed of men who have no enemies to punish or friends to reward.

Rev. Heber Newton, who has been repudiating hell at such a lively rate lately, is threatened with a trial for heresy. This is a dangerous subject for a minister to skirmish on the ragged edges of. Beware of it, Heber.

The attempted murder of O'Donovan Rossa in New York yesterday by a woman evidently insane will cause little surprise and less regret. Mr. Rossa has been for a long time aching to be destroyed. He has for years been a bold and loud boaster of his own complicity in assassination—assassination tenfold more despicable and causeless than that now aimed at him,—and he can not logically complain of this application of his "bloody instructions." He has advocated secret and indiscriminate murder of the English people, and boasted that he was co-operating in the practice of it; and here an English woman takes up his war on his own grounds and "fights the devil with fire." Rossa and his co-dynamiters maintain that the woman is an agent of the British government, and affect to be horror-struck at it. But, if you try to assassinate the agents of the British government, Mr. Rossa, why should not these agents try to assassinate you? There is a Scripture to the effect that "they who take up the sword shall perish by the sword." Mr. Rossa can not expect any sympathy from the American people, and does not deserve any.

There has been considerable foolishness connected with General Robinson's resignation of the office of congressman. The general resigned on the 12th of January; but some unaccountable hitch somewhere deprived him of the credit of it in the newspapers. To quell all disturbances, however, he has sent on a certified copy of his resignation; and, if there is any more trouble at the Washington end of the line, it will originate in the love of scandal and lies.

The B. & O. Red Book is a funny combination of politics and advertisement, in which the politics has the ascendancy, but the advertisement all the same is not lost from sight. It tells all about the last election returns, in a very useful and compact form, and tells it in such a way as to inure to the satisfaction of the Baltimore & Ohio railroad. It illustrates the high art of advertising.

Resolutions condemnatory of the dynamiters have been referred to a committee of the house of congress, with the understanding that no report on them is to be made. What a pusillanimous set of American citizens we do elect to our congress, to be sure.

Mixed Schools.

To the Editor of the Globe-Republic: I wish to reply to an article published in your paper February 1. The writer, in my estimation, instead of being one of those able-minded men that he represents himself to be, interested in the welfare of his race, is one of those kid-gloved fellows who has self-interest at stake, and who, instead of signing his name in the singular, as he should, signs it in the plural, as "Citizens."

Granting him the term "Citizens," as applied to a half dozen or more, in matters pertaining to the education of our children, we find that these citizens sitting down and enjoying the advantages, both socially and politically, obtained through the former efforts of the so-called bosses, are contented to sit still and let well enough alone, saying within themselves, all our children want to graduate from the high school and teach; no other opening will be given them—thus ignoring the old adage, "Nothing ventured, nothing gained."

As to the hobby of the bosses in regard to our children sitting side by side with a white child and taught by a white teacher, &c., I for one pronounce erroneous. No one regards the rights of the colored teacher more than I do, nor credits his work higher. And out we have advised the bosses to step down and out, I will advise you self-esteem croakers to get out of the way of the wheels of progress, for they are coming, and will crush you beneath their mighty revolutions.

Those political gourmands (as you say) who are howling for a few pennies, would like further explanation. Your illustration in regard to Hon. J. B. Foraker is not clear, as the application for better school facilities has been advocated here for years by men who have the welfare of their race at heart, and wish to see every child enjoy the same rights with their next door neighbor.

W. H. Dickson.

Found at Last.

To the Editor of the Globe-Republic: A solution of the mixed school problem. Leave it to a vote of the colored men. The idea of the nineteenth century. A court of last resort, unless anything else ever known on earth. Who shall say that our noble legislator has not won an immortal name? What man of the eight thousand in this city dare raise voice against the fitness or constitutionality of such a court? What is the use of saying anything, anyhow, when they have no representative in the halls of legislation, and the colored voter holds the balance of party power?

And it is said the measure will go through. Republican principle and Democratic policy can do everything. But why stop at the school question? If the colored voter holds the balance of power, and will use it only for race interest—see Gazzaway, Newbury, &c.—and assumes to dictate state officials, why not enlarge the functions of this court and submit all questions at issue to it? It would save a vast amount of labor.

Eight hundred thousand men are too many to be entrusted with the ballot in so small a state as Ohio. Make the twenty thousand black men use representative voters of the state. It would be a graceful act of justice to a hitherto despised race, and they could safely be entrusted with the settlement of all social and political questions.

It is a very close day, and Jennie pushed up the little window, watching the heavy falling rain, her sweet face framed with clattering honeysuckle.

As she stood watching the rain drops, a gentleman came in sight walking hurriedly down the road. Jennie wondered who he could be, and she gazed at him curiously, as he approached the cottage, and started when he knocked sharply at the door, not having caught a sight of her pretty face at the window.

The spirit of mischief took possession of Jennie, and she took off her apron and put on a large white apron and tied it round her slim waist, tucked up her sleeves, and taking a broom, went to the door as if the knocking had interrupted her in her household duties.

"What can I do for you sir?" said Jennie, with a demure courtesy.

## JENNIE'S WHIM.

"I won't go!" Miss Jennie's pretty face flushed as she spoke, and she stamped her delicate little feet.

"Why be so very angry," observed the elder sister, a pale blonde, with a quiet, patient voice, whose tone suggested that papa's anger would be visited on her head, rather than on the rebellious Jennie, who, to tell the truth, generally succeeded in having her own way.

"I don't care!" cried Jennie; "nothing in the world will make me attend this garden party."

"Why be so obstinate, Jennie?" remonstrated Ada. "You know papa has set his heart upon it, and would make you go if he were at home."

"But he is not at home," said Jennie, with a defiant laugh, "and I mean to please myself."

"Very well," returned Mrs. Reed, with a sigh of resignation; "if you have fully made up your mind not to go, I suppose it is no use continuing the discussion."

"Quite useless," said Jennie, as she rose from the breakfast table and began chirping to her canary.

She was a bright-looking girl of about nineteen years of age, with regular features, and a slight, graceful figure.

Her father was very proud of Jennie's beauty, and on this account preferred her to the more sedate and tractable Ada.

Jennie would be sure to make an excellent marriage, he thought, if she would only be reasonable.

He knew that the son of one of the most wealthy men in the district would be at the garden party, which had caused the little discussion between the sisters, hence his anxiety that Jennie should go.

Unfortunately for the fulfillment of his wishes, he had been called away suddenly from his home, thus leaving Jennie to her own devices, for Ada had no influence over her, although Jennie loved her dearly; all the more dearly, perhaps, because she could defy her authority.

All the other girls in the neighborhood would be setting their caps at Jocelyn Trehearne, Jennie told herself, and she was firm in the determination to stay away and show her independence.

The day came, and with it, the lady who was to chaperon the two girls, in gala attire, which formed a rather startling contrast to Jennie's rather shabby gown.

"What, not yet dressed?" cried Mrs. Marshall, in surprise. "My dear, how late we shall be!"

"Jennie is not coming," observed Ada, entering the room at that moment, in a pretty white dress, and a large hat with long, drooping feathers.

"Not coming? What nonsense!" cried Mrs. Marshall. "Go and get ready at once, you little goose. You must be out of your mind to think of staying away. Do you know that Jocelyn Trehearne will be there?"

"I ought to know—I have heard it often," said Jennie bluntly. "If he wishes to fling his handkerchief at any of the girls at Mrs. Hamilton's garden-party, there will be plenty to choose from without me."

"Oh, Jennie!" cried Ada scandalized by the not very pretty or graceful speech.

"Very well, if you won't go, I am sure I will not try to persuade you," said Mrs. Marshall, and she swept out of the room, her silken draperies rustling as she went.

"Mrs. Marshall is offended," said Ada, looking distressed.

"She will be if you keep her waiting," returned Jennie, and she playfully pushed her sister out of the room.

Then, going to the window, she watched the carriage as it rolled away, a triumphant smile on her pretty face.

When it was out of sight she went upstairs and changed her black alpaca for a pretty holland dress with red trimmings, and Jennie had no inclination to be a bridegroom as she had denied herself the pleasure of attending the garden-party.

"I'll practice for an hour," she said to herself on returning to the drawing-room, "and then take the third volume of the new novel down to the brook and enjoy myself. Nobody will disturb me there, and I am sure I shall like it a great deal better than that stupid garden-party." And Jennie nodded her bright head at her own reflection in the mirror.

She would practice for quite two hours, she told herself, taking out her little watch—a birthday present from her father. There would be plenty of time, she had promised herself, afterwards.

"How I hate that Jocelyn Trehearne," she thought, as her white ringless fingers glided over the keys of the piano. This was scarcely fair, as she had never set eyes on the gentleman in question.

But it was enough for Jennie that he kept her away from the garden-party by attending it, and deprived her of a pleasure that seldom came in her way.

But she had shown her independence, so Jennie told herself, as she rose from the piano, and putting on her hat, left her footstep in the direction of the brook, which, although at some distance, could be seen, through the trees sparkling in the sunlight.

It was very quiet and peaceful down by the brook, and sitting on the trunk of a fallen tree, Jennie read her book with the most intense interest that she did not notice how the clouds were gathering in the sky, until a sudden darkness made her lift her pretty head and look about her.

"Why, I declare it is going to rain," she cried, and, rising hurriedly, turned her footstep in the direction of home.

She was sorry that the weather was going to turn out so bad, as it would, in a measure, spoil the pleasure of Mrs. Hamilton's garden-party by driving her guests into the house.

But, at all events, they would not get wet, and Jennie herself was in for a regular shower-bath.

If it would only keep off till she reached Old Martha's cottage! Old Martha was one of Jennie's pensioners. The girl increased her speed to a run, and arrived, panting and breathless at the door of the cottage just as the first heavy drops fell from the overladen sky.

"Why there is nobody at home," said Jennie, as, after repeatedly knocking at the door, she lifted the latch and walked in.

storm, if you will?" said the stranger, recovering from his surprise, and shaking the raindrops from his hat. He stepped inside the cottage, glancing at Jennie's little feet as he did so, and thinking the little rustic was uncommonly well shod.

Jennie, on her part, was wondering who this handsome man, with the dark, searching eyes could be.

"You don't live all alone in this cottage," he said, accepting her timid invitation to be seated.

"Oh, no!" faltered Jennie, blushing like a rose.

"Oh, what a tangled web we weave when first we practice to deceive."

"What a pretty child it is," thought the young man. "And how she blushes; but that, I suppose, is rustic simplicity. I dare say she is quite unconscious of my admiration, and does not even know how charming she looks."

And then he smiled, remembering how he had been courted and flattered by certain fair ladies that afternoon, and congratulated himself on the fact that the storm had come after his departure, for he knew, the angel Miss Jennie was entertaining unawares was no other than the "lion" of the garden party, Mr. Jocelyn Trehearne.

Jennie's book lay on the table, and he looked at it in surprise. The little rustic subscribed to Mudie's, then, or had some friend who was kind enough to lend her books to read.

"Is this your's?" he said, and the little deceiver faltered out that it belonged to Miss Jennie.

"Miss Jennie Trehearne," repeated Mr. Trehearne. "Any relation to that nice girl who they tell me is engaged to young Dr. Brown?"

"You know Ada Reid?" said Jennie in surprise, and a painful blush suffused her face. How she regretted her foolish whim now!

"I have seen her once," returned Mr. Trehearne; "but it is her sister who is so kind to you, eh?"

"Yes," faltered Jennie, ready to sink through the floor.

"As this young man is as kind?" asked Mr. Trehearne, adding to himself, "I only saw one Miss Reid at the garden-party."

"Some people call her pretty," said Jennie with a smile. "I am no judge."

Then going to the window, she added quickly, "The rain will soon be over; see how bright the sky is getting."

"Yes, it will soon be over," he returned, thinking to himself: "Those pretty little shoes are, I suppose, a present from Miss Jennie. I should like to make that girl's acquaintance."

"It has left off raining," said Jennie, in an agony, for she could see old Martha toiling along the road, armed with a gigantic gingham. "Here's your hat, sir!"

And before Jocelyn knew where he was he found himself outside the cottage, while Jennie, having closed the door, hastily divested herself of her big apron, and replaced her hat on her bonny head.

Old Martha was delighted to see her, of course, and would have had her remain to take a cup of tea; but Jennie declined, and hurried away with all speed, hating herself for the deceit she had practiced.

The garden-party had been very nice, Ada told her that night, although it had been more of a bore than anything else after the rain came on. Mr. Jocelyn Trehearne had been there, but he had been obliged to leave early.

Jennie scarcely heard what her sister said. The girl felt wretched, and to add to her discomfort, her father came home on the following day, and scolded her roundly for her disobedience.

"Don't cry, Jennie," whispered her sister, "or you'll spoil your eyes, and papa says we have a gentleman coming to dinner to-morrow. Don't want my pretty sister to look a little fright."

"I don't care what I look like," declared Jennie; but she wiped her eyes nevertheless.

Ada was the useful one of the family, and went about her duties with a light heart, for her sweet-heart, the young doctor, had asked her to "name the day" when they met at the garden-party.

She was a little vexed that Jennie did not take more interest in the joyful news; but Jennie was thinking of what she had been told of the garden-party. She could think of nothing else.

The morning came, and with it the gentleman before-mentioned.

He was standing on the hearthrug talking to her father when Jennie entered the room in her pretty white dress with the red trimmings.

She gave a little gasp of astonishment and consternation as she looked at him; but his smile was reassuring, although he, too, was dumfounded at the first moment.

"My dear Jennie, Mr. Jocelyn Trehearne," he said, "you know me. Fate had been too much for her; she had stepped away from the garden-party for nothing."

Well, not exactly that, for she won a lover.

Mr. Jocelyn Trehearne in due time proposed and was accepted; but, oh, how he does tease his little wife about her protegee.

For Lovers of the Antique.

Looking into antiquity, the date at which the following jokes were comparatively fresh seems to be about as appended:

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